

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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A Song out of Season.

WHO am I but the Yule-tide king!
I come from the shadows of Fairyland;
Over the snow my sleigh-bells ring
To the merry tread of my antlered band,
And the sad old earth grows warm with mirth
As I scatter my gifts with a lavish hand.

The year lies dead in his robes of state;
He did not move as I passed him by,
And I thought of the nights we had sat up late
Drinking together with none else nigh,
When he sang old songs of the world and its wrongs
With a smiling mouth and a twinkling eye.

The young year reigns in his father's hall;
He sits at the feast in his father's chair;
God grant that his heart will be warm to all—
Kind as his father's, as free from care!
Here's a blessing and cheer for the fond old year
And a toast to the old year's heir.

W. P. B.

Crawford's "Casa Braccio."

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

In considering "Casa Braccio" I will touch upon only two parts of the novel—one, Mr. Crawford's picture of the young nun and her convent life; the other that part of the novel in which Gloria leaves her husband and goes to live with Griggs. The first thing that attracts our attention in reading "Casa Braccio" is, of course, that portion of the story in which Maria Addolorata is induced by Dalrymple, the Scotchman, to break her vows and fly with him from the convent. This has called forth much criticism from many Catholics who think that Mr. Crawford, himself a Catholic, does not speak with due respect of the conventual institution and the nobility of its aim.

We Catholics are so accustomed to find affronts and insults to our religion in so many books that we unconsciously assume that every mention of it is a prejudiced one and that every comment is a cavil. This plays a part in prompting the criticism of "Casa Braccio," and many do not receive it in the spirit in which it is written, but are carried away by what appears to be a condemnation of the convent. Conceding even that Mr. Crawford, in the first part of his book, questions the wisdom of some women in entering a convent, he has, I think, grounds for defense. In the first place everyone has a right to an opinion on the subject, since it is not heresy for a man to say that he does not approve of this or that woman's becoming a nun. But then this is not exactly Mr. Crawford's position; he is by no means clothing a dissertation on the convent in the form of a novel, but is writing a novel, and a very strong novel, and he simply enters into the spirit of his work. He tells us of Maria Braccio, a young and beautiful girl, and a member of a noble Italian family. This family had for many generations one of its members abbess of the Carmelite convent at Subiaco. It was a tradition which they would not readily let die; and as Maria was the only available person to succeed an aunt in that position, she was urged to keep up the traditional honor. In compliance with the wishes of her family she became a Carmelite nun, and, having no vocation, she was consequently unhappy. On this, then, rests the first part of the novel, and Crawford must, as a true artist, work himself into the spirit and feelings of this young woman. He presents the strict cloister as she sees it; he compares it to the light gaiety of the world as she would compare it, and he consequently gives us a picture that is not a bright one. He by no means says that

the nuns of this or any other convent go about weeping, or that they gaze out at the stars at night and sigh for freedom. Maria's aunt, the Abbess, for instance, appears most content and happy, for she entered from motives genuine and true, not for the sake of pleasing her family; she is happy and content, while Maria is not. No; Mr. Crawford is not unreasonable; he simply says what we all know to be true—that if a woman without a special vocation enters the convent she wrongs herself and is most sure to be unhappy.

It was necessary for the novelist to draw this picture of discontent and sadness to make the action of his novel good art work. It would be ridiculous to picture a young nun who was happy and content in her convent life, breaking her vows and thus jeopardizing her soul for the mere sake of change, or even for the love of a man. If Mr. Crawford wished a character to take such a step as Maria Addolorata took, he must show that there was a very strong reason prompting such a deed. With this end in view he proceeds to describe the life, the sacrifice and the gloom as they worked on the mind of the unfortunate nun; he draws the picture as dark as possible; makes Maria as unhappy as possible in order that she may consistently be moved to do the deed she does. In short, I think, that when the whole novel has been read and this part of it fairly considered, no one can find fault with Mr. Crawford for what he says. And if at times he seems to lack deep respect, let it be remembered that a novelist is an artist, and must make his art work true. The whole plot of "*Casa Braccio*" rests on the theory that the sins of parents are visited on their children; this is the reason why the young nun is brought in, and the whole novel goes to show how much death, misery and woe follow in the wake of one great sin. The key-note of the story is sounded when, in telling of Maria's flight, the novelist says: "So it was all over, and the deed was done, for good or for evil. But it was for evil; for it was a bad deed." This is Mr. Crawford's tone all through the book. Had he attempted to justify such a deed, it would have been a different thing, and criticism would have been well founded; but every time he mentions the deed, he dwells upon the sinfulness of it.

After her departure from the convent we hear no more of Maria Addolorata, except that she died young, and we are left to hope, but not to know, that she sought the mercy of God before her death. The story takes up in her

stead her daughter, who had been named Gloria, for "the two had felt that the glory of life was in the child, and had named her for it, as it were." Here really begins the novel, which throughout is intensely interesting, always fine and in many ways remarkable. Here, as I said, I will speak only of a part of the novel—of Gloria and her actions. We first find Gloria a young, beautiful and thoughtless girl, who sometimes expresses a desire to become an opera singer, but who, for the most part, does not trouble herself about anything; she is not the average girl, however, but stands out distinct in her strange personality. She sees Reanda, the artist, first admires his work, then falls in love with him, and in due time they are married. We are told that they were happy for the first few months of their married life, or at least they thought they were; but soon it becomes evident that their happiness will not be lasting. They go on for a time in an artificial state of existence, until the climax comes, and Gloria leaves her husband's house.

The question now arises, whether these two characters are natural, and whether Mr. Crawford's portrayal of them and of their actions toward each other is artistic. To my mind it is almost perfect. To consider it, one must study closely the characters, and if these are understood, it will be seen that all they do is but the logical consequence of their dispositions. Gloria we see is far from gentle; not at all sympathetic, and is a person who contents herself with one thing for only a short time. She wishes to be always in her husband's mind—to be a goddess before whose shrine he should ever worship.

Reanda is a man of most refined instincts; he is a genius who must work and think, and he cannot spend his time paying court to his wife even though he loves her. He was first struck by Gloria's radiant beauty; he fell in love and married her, and now he finds no depth of soul, no sympathy or rest. She is no longer congenial to him; he can no longer admire her characteristics; her freedom becomes coarseness. Gloria, too, tires of Reanda, and fast loses her love for him. As a result of this unhappy state of affairs we are brought to a climax of the action—the scene in which Reanda strikes Gloria and she leaves his house and goes to Paul Griggs for protection—and is taken in by this strange man who loved her so extravagantly. The art of this scene and of Gloria's subsequent actions, has, I believe, been questioned; but I consider it most true. Here

is Reanda, a slight, gentle and exceedingly nervous man; after his day's work he longs for a sympathetic and congenial companion, and for quiet and rest; instead of this he is greeted usually with jealous and sharp cross-questioning. As he tells the Princess, in one of his conversations with her, his life is made miserable by his wife; every word she utters torments him, and often he can scarcely control himself and keep his hands off her. Gloria knows her power over him; she is fast beginning to hate him, and she delights in so tormenting him. That such a person as Gloria could possess such a power over a man like Reanda is beyond dispute, and thus far in drawing these characters Mr. Crawford is correct.

To come now to the climax in the action. Reanda, feeling as he does toward Gloria, goes home one evening after working all day at his painting. As he reaches his house he recalls to mind those happier days when he used to go to his humble bachelor's quarters, to smoke and read and spend the evening in peace; peace is what he longs for, and it is what he cannot find with Gloria. He enters the room where Gloria is, and instead of rest comes nervous torture. He endures much without complaint, until she utters some insulting remark about his friend and patroness, the Princess Campodonico. This is too much; he loses self-control for a moment; his nervous anger gets the better of him, and he strikes Gloria. The instincts of a gentleman make him regret the blow; but deep down in his angered heart he feels that she deserved it. Gloria, of course, feels that she has been most gravely insulted; her long-gathering dislike for Reanda turns for a moment into deepest hate, and, like many others, she does in a moment of anger what cool deliberation would never have prompted. She leaves Reanda; this is her first impulse. Her father is not in Rome, and there is only one place for her to go to; only one person who would receive and shelter her and justify her in what she does; that one person is Griggs, and to him she goes. When Gloria reaches Griggs' lodging she hesitates, realizing for a moment what she is doing and almost decides to go back. But then the place where Reanda struck her still smarts; she is thus reminded of the insult, and wanting revenge, she hesitates no longer, but goes up the stairs. This whole scene is most powerful, and everything described in it is the most natural, in fact, the only, thing that such persons could have done under like circumstances. Gloria's subsequent actions are also

natural and true. That she should learn to abhor Griggs, and to dread his presence, is in keeping with her restless nature. Life in a cheap lodging and social ostracism are not pleasant, and having to keep up an appearance of happiness before Griggs soon begins to torment her even more than she had ever tormented Reanda. Gloria now regrets what she did in a moment of anger; she longs for her husband and her home. When Reanda refuses to receive her, she becomes desperate, and, having inherited those qualities which would have prompted her father to do the same, she now in her misery takes her own life. We are not surprised at her end; for it, like everything else she does, is consistent with her character. And this, I think, can be said of the actions of every character in the book, from Maria Addolorata down to Stefanone, the peasant inn-keeper.

The novel, as a whole, is a strong one; the study of character is perfect, and the awful results of the young nun's sin are painted most vividly. There are several scenes, as for instance, the death of Gloria, which are especially striking and powerful, but which I cannot now dwell on. And how touching is the picture of Dalrymple standing in St. Peter's, before the altar where "the fading light falls upon the features of the Blessed Virgin the Addolorata—the "Sorrowing Mother!"

"Bending a little, as though very weary, the friendless, wifeless, childless man raised his furrowed face and looked up. There was no hope any more, and his despair was heavy upon him whose young love had blasted the lives of many. He trembled a little, and as he looked upward two dreadful tears—the tears of the strong that are as blood—welled from his eyes and trickled down upon his cheeks. 'Maria Addolorata,' he whispered."

A. Wrong Story Righted.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

(Extract from a manuscript recently found near Mount Ætna.)

Hercules had always been my favorite hero. His great strength, coupled with his wonderful powers as a story-teller, had excited an admiration in my juvenile heart that had remained with me all through life. It was this admiration that led me to seek his acquaintance shortly after taking up my abode in Hades. I found

him to be a genial old chap, and as he quickly discovered that I was a good listener, we soon became firm friends. He was a frequent visitor at my fireside, and many a long winter's evening was enlivened by his narration of the many exciting adventures which had befallen him in the days of his youth. In his old age, the venerable hero had grown slightly garrulous and was too fond of looking upon the wine when it was red within the cup—if he had contented himself with simply looking, this revelation would never have been written.

At first his tales were highly entertaining, but I soon began to notice that they did not lose by repetition; in fact, they increased in a truly marvellous manner. It was when he told me about a certain bull he had killed, that had a new patent, automatic, self-feeding furnace in its stomach, that I began to doubt the veracity of my ancient friend. I determined then to get at the truth of his stories. I had in my wine-cellar a certain brand of nectar which I had secured from the stock of Jupiter himself, through the help of Ganymede, whom I had bribed with a new necktie. Hercules was very fond of nectar and always grew mellow and confiding under its influence. One night, when he had made away with numberless pints of that precious fluid, and had grown more than usually communicative, I determined to cajole him into telling me the truth.

"Say, Herkie, old boy—I always called him 'Herkie, old boy' when he had imbibed enough to make it safe to do so—tell me the truth about those wonders you talk of so much. Did you really do all of them as people say you did? What was Juno down on you for, that she made you obey that cad, Eurystheus?"

The old man chuckled softly to himself; the chuckle grew to a laugh, and in a minute his entire four hundred pounds of worn-out muscle was shaking in a mighty burst of merriment. When he recovered himself he began the following tale.

"Brune, my son, you're a pretty good fellow and can tell a good story yourself, so I don't mind telling you how it was. That story about Juno was just a gag I worked off on the unsuspecting public so they would talk more favorably about me. The truth about it was that Eurystheus had a mortgage of ten talents on my person, and I was trying to work it off. When my match with Apollo failed to come off as advertised, the manager of the amphitheatre sued me for breach of contract, and got damages amounting to ten talents. He was

going to imprison me, but Eurystheus offered to lend me enough to settle up if I would pay him back in labor. I agreed, and so the bargain was made. Eurystheus was at that time proprietor of the 'Great Mythological Three-Ring Circus, Olympian Pageant, Grecian Hippodrome, Wild West and Menagerie of Rare and Curious Animals.' He wanted me to do the strong-man act at the afternoon and evening performances, and in the morning I was to drive tent stakes and help to raise the centre poles.

"I liked the work for a couple of weeks, then I asked Eurystheus for something more exciting to do. He told me that the lion in the menagerie was getting too old and wilted for show purposes, and he wanted another one. There was just a beautiful specimen of a man-eater depopulating the Valley of Nemea, I could go after that lion if I wanted to. I didn't want to, but I went. I took one of the ponies used in the Wild West Show, and he carried me over the ground so fast that I got to the haunts of the lion in a couple of days. I found his den all right, and, tying my pony to a rock, I reconnoitred a little; I discovered him asleep under a tree at the mouth of his den. He looked pretty big, and I wished I hadn't come. It was too late to back out now so I prepared to make the capture. Creeping cautiously up to him I raised my club high in the air and brought it down square on his nose. He jumped up with a terrible yelp, and began to rub his injured member with his paw. He looked fierce, and I got back of a tree in a hurry. But he had seen me and came to avenge his injured nose. I let go an arrow at him. It hit him in the neck and he stopped with a pained look on his tawny countenance; then he let out such a roar that I thought my pony might be frightened, so I started on a run to quiet him. The lion came after me on a gallop; I began to wish I had stuck to the tent stakes and centre poles. This was too exciting; I could feel the hot breath of the lion on my neck, and I gave myself up for lost. At that instant something dropped from my belt and the lion stopped; I kept right on, and didn't wait to look around till I was on the pony's back.

"My curiosity got the better of me at this stage, and I turned to see what had caused His Majesty to stop. He was pawing over something on the sand and pulling at one end of it with his teeth. In a moment I saw that it was my pocket-flask. Even as I looked he got the cork out, and, sitting up on his haunches and

lifting the flask with his fore-paws, he let the red fluid trickle down his throat. I tell you that made me hot. I would not have minded if he had chewed off one of my arms or legs; but I had paid a week's wages for that quart, and I was going to celebrate with it; but there that old reprobate was spoiling all my plans. I yelled at him, but the tawny old sinner just winked one of his big, yellow eyes at me, and kept on drinking. I did not dare go any nearer to him, but I told him my opinion of him in very emphatic terms. When he had drained the last drop from the flask he made for me again. His gait was rather unsteady now, and I easily kept out of his way. I was bound to catch him if only to revenge myself for the loss of the flask. I had a lariat attached to my saddle, and with that I tried to lasso him. After a couple of tries I succeeded in getting the noose over his head. He looked surprised and then indignant when I drew the noose taut, and began to tow him along; but after getting his neck squeezed a couple of times he came along readily enough. All went well until I got thirsty. Then the thought came to me that the wicked old toper ambling along behind me had confiscated my refreshments; and I got so vexed that I dug the spurs into the pony's flanks and he started off on a gallop. The jerk pulled the lion off his feet, and when I succeeded in stopping the pony the lion lay motionless on the road—the lasso had choked him to death.

"I felt blue when I found he was dead; but it was no use crying over spilt milk, so I loaded his body on the pony and started to return. Eurystheus was angry when he found I had killed the lion. I told him that I tried to capture him alive, but that he wouldn't submit to be captured, so I was forced to choke him with my bare hands. Eurystheus muttered something about wishing that the lion had choked me; but he had the skin stuffed, and advertised me on the bill-boards as the man who had slain the great Nemean lion with his bare hands. That brought crowds at first, and I enjoyed my fame greatly. But things didn't look so pleasant when people began to ask me to have a wrestling match with our one remaining lion in order to show them how I had killed the man-eater. This was embarrassing; but I got out of the difficulty by declaring that as I had slain the king of lions, this old decrepit specimen of the royal beasts was out of my class. This seemed to satisfy the people, but they stopped coming to the show. Fill up my goblet again and I'll tell you how I killed the Hydra. Thanks! Here's

to you and yours! Ah! that went to the spot.

"After the novelty of the lion-killer dodge began to wear off, things went from bad to worse. We weren't making expenses, and something must be done, so I resolved to go after the Hydra. The Hydra, as you know, was a big water-snake that used to inhabit a marsh in Argos, up near the well of Amymone. Bacchus ran a branch establishment near the well, and his patrons saw the reptile more often than anybody else. Some people claimed that it had only one head; the guests of Bacchus had counted anywhere from six to one hundred. At any rate, it was a curious monstrosity, and I determined to capture it. I got to the well about seven o'clock in the evening, and stopped at the place of Bacchus and began to take in a good stock of stimulants to brace myself for the coming encounter. By ten o'clock I thought my nerves were steady enough, so Iolaus and I sallied forth in search of our victim; Iolaus was my nephew, a nice sort of a chap, but considerable of a dude. He was trying to raise a moustache, and always carried a mirror with him to see how it was coming on. It was a lovely night. The moon made it as bright as day, and we had no difficulty in finding the home of Miss Hydra. We found her at home, gracefully coiled up around a small hill. I saw only one head at first, but when she caught sight of us she raised that one up and it suddenly seemed to become eight heads. That wine of Bacchus had braced me up wonderfully, besides I had seen snakes before, so I sailed right into this one with my club. That was the toughest fight I was ever in. Every time that I banged one head over two or three others filled up its place. I bet there were thirty heads there in about three minutes. This was discouraging, and I began to get frightened, so I thought I had better leave. Her snakeship thought the same thing, and she came right along with me. Iolaus had stopped on the way to see if his moustache had grown any bigger, and he was just coming up when he saw me retreating with the Hydra in close pursuit. Dropping his beloved mirror, he turned and fled. The Hydra was gaining on me and I cursed my carelessness in not having made my will.

I felt my legs giving out beneath me and gave myself up for lost when I heard a feminine squeal of delight behind me; I was too tired to run any farther, so I turned and looked back, and, my friend, I'll eat my hat if that snake hadn't stopped before that looking-glass to see

if her spots were on straight. Oh! how I blest the power that had made the gentler sex so vain. My courage came back and I picked up a big rock and threw it at her. As the rock flew along it separated into nine rocks, and—will you believe it?—every one of those rocks bit a head and buried it in the sand. Here's to you again! Did I have the snake stuffed? No; some unprincipled thief came during the night and stole every head except one. So after all my trouble in killing all those nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine heads—What's that? only nine heads? Say, young man, if you know this story better than I do you can tell it yourself." With that the old gentleman demolished another pint of the nectar, and, deaf to all my entreaties, resolutely closed his eyes and soon naught was heard save his sonorous snores and the distant wail of a newly-arrived shade.

The Prince of Satirists.

JOHN GRIFFIN MOTT, '95.

We notice in the realm of letters a seemingly strong desire on the part of the advocates of experimental methods to found a literature different from all that exists—more glorious in every particular. They seem, however, to forget that the poet knows no death; that we will never part with Shakspeare; that Horace is greater than Cæsar. He is the poet of profound and acute thought; the poet of everyday life, and he invests the most ordinary events with an artistic charm and the music of exalted language.

Horace was born in December, B. C. 65, on a small farm near Venusia, at a time when Roman life was at its very acme of refinement. His early years were spent on the farm, and here he became imbued with a love of nature which remained with him through life. The foundation of Horace's education was laid in Rome, where, under Pupillus he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Greek authors, studied the Latin poets, and learned to appreciate the purer and not less vigorous style of Homer. At Athens, his education was completed by a course of study in language, art, science and philosophy.

On his return to Rome, amid the general chaos of morals, public and private, he found excellent material for satires. His talents, aided by the enduring friendships he had contracted with Virgil, Mæcenas and Augustus,

soon gained for him fortune and literary honor. He satisfied his yearning for educated listeners to whom he could unfold more readily his intellectual treasures. Among his more notable works is the "Art of Poetry," written to the Pisones. It is seen in this work that he had a noble and comprehensive ideal of what a typical poet should be. It embodies general precepts applicable to all artistic creations, particularly to poetry, a brief outline of the Greek drama, and many technical rules pertinent to tragedy. Unity, the chief element of art, must pervade every form of composition; feeling, design, style and illustration must harmonize with the subject in hand—

"In short, to make this maxim never cease
Let all you write be one and of a piece."

Affectation he decries, and with equal warmth he advocates the careful choice of words. In his own reflections, and a *résumé* of Greek criticism on the drama, he mentions the methods of expressing the various emotions, and commends them for the Pisones' use. They were the selections of cultivated taste, and only once was the judgment of this master at fault.

Archilochus did give vent to his anger in "iambics all his own," but in the expression of anger and impulsive thought it is more natural to us in trochees. To excel he would have the writer be clear and varied, avoid what is slight and slovenly, command metaphor and allusion, work up to the highest models, and vary the metrical cadence with the change in thought and feeling. The whole work abounds with instructive hints calculated to develop a sound critical taste and a pure literary style. Submit your work to experienced critics:

"If to Quintillius you recited aught,
'Pray change,' he'd say, 'this word, retouch that thought?'"

Literature, he tells us, is an art to be approached with reverence; a few minor faults may be excused in a long poem, but mediocrity is intolerable. Poetry in the days of old was purely a divine gift. It is genius that inspires the poet with noble thoughts; art that clothes them in suitable forms, beautiful, suggestive and compact. Genius united with perfect technique will best contribute to the fusion of the beauties of nature. Truth—truth in thought and feeling—will make your work valuable. How near did this gentle pagan come to the Christian apprehension of the true and the beautiful. It is hard to reconcile the writer of satires with the author of "Ars Poetica" and those graceful odes, the most finished in Latin literature.

His satires were written during the years of his adversity, and the lines in the fourth epode addressed to Menas breathe the same merciless spirit:

"Such hate as Nature meant to be
'Twixt lamb and wolf I feel for thee,
Whose hide by Spanish scourge is tanned,
And legs still bear the fetter's brand!"

We are indebted to his satires and epodes for a bold and good-humored picture of the social habits of the Romans, with their vices and their follies, at the most interesting period of their prosperity.

The scathing spirit of sarcasm should not be associated too strongly with the idea of satire as written by Horace. Only rarely does he descend to invective, but frequently he employs a terseness that most aptly enforces a truth.

Where Horace is principally beautiful is in some of his epodes and odes, in which he shows an intense love of the country, combined with simple but beautiful descriptions of rural scenery and life. He read Nature correctly, and in his pictures shows not the artifice of a Watteau, but the realism of a Millet:

"The circling ocean waits us; then away where nature smiles
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy isles!
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vines with purple clusters droop, unpruned of all her leaves."

These are not the dreamy visions of the Platonist, but rather serve as a background to the practical wit and knowledge of the world as possessed by this shrewd disciple of Epicurus.

As Horace was the delight of the convivial circle; so is he now the favorite of our scholarly men, conveying to the latter sentiments of morality as he had impressed the former that he was the sweetest songster of Rome. The many odes he dedicated to his friends glow with a thoroughly human feeling:

"But me the muse commands in dulcet lays,
To sing your Queen Licymnia's bright eyes shining
Into your own with intermingled rays,
And mutual fondness heart to heart entwining."

It must be admitted that Goethe's distinction between the poetry of humanity and that of a high ideal is fully illustrated in the odes of Horace. Did they not comprehend his purpose when he tried to make the Roman world better? He it was that taught that life was short and sad, full of partings from home and friends; that old age and death could not be warded off. Life's sorrows can only be cured by patience and hope and a temperate use of the enjoy-

ments within reach. None of all the tuneful dead mention as often or as strongly the value of moderation and the hatefulness of envy:

"With portals vast for malice to abuse,
Or envy make her theme to point a tale;
Or why for wealth which new-born troubles bring,
Exchange my Sabine Vale?"

In patriotic strains he shows the old connection between the love of the land and the love of our land—the greatest verse, perhaps, in Latin poetry:

"'Tis sweet for native land to die
'Tis noble."

His love verses were too subjective, wanting in deep emotion. He talks of love but as one who has escaped its fire. Passion, the very essence of lyric poetry, is wanting. He mocks aging Lydia, and in a fit of remorse recurs with imaginative tenderness to the gentle "Cinara."

"Few years the fates to Cinara allowed."

Pathos is another of the true poet's qualities which he lacked; for in none of his odes does he arouse emotions akin to those awakened by the farewell of Hector to Andromache.

"Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow.
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,—
Nothing but sorrow."

The chief

Beheld, and moved with tender pity, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand and said:
'Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.'

The chief domain of pathos is domestic life, and it seems hardly fair to expect pathos from one who never felt a husband's or a father's affection.

The tender melancholy that pervades some of his brightest odes, his allusions to death, his inclination to mix the grave with the gay, and his precepts of morality in all their objectivity show that Horace was possessed of the sterling qualities and virtues that grace humanity outside of faith. Horace was not a great poet; he was wanting in passion and pathos; but because he attained his ideal—grace, moderation and fine workmanship—he will be welcome in the future as he has been in the past to men of scholarship and taste.

"He who is careful to fill his mind with truth and his heart with love will not lack for retreats in which he may take refuge from the stress and storms of life."

My Dog Tatters.

BY H. C. STEARNS, '99.

Ever since my life was saved by Nig, our big Newfoundland, I have always loved dogs. So when, a year, or more, ago, I was walking beside a small stream in southern Illinois, I saw a farmer about to throw a little dog into the water, I protested. "Don't drown him," I said, "give him to me if you don't want him." The farmer agreed willingly enough, and so I got possession of Tatters.

He was an ugly little brute, Tatters was, except his eyes. These were a deep brown and the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen in a dog. He was of no particular breed. A dog, part fox—he got his slyness there; part wolf—that made him ravenous; part bull terrier, which made him ill-tempered, and all the rest poodle, a strain that made him too lazy to move.

But somehow Tatters and I got along very well together. He had one redeeming feature: he would hunt out and kill any snake that was unlucky enough to cross his path. I encouraged this trait as soon as I discovered it, and rewarded him with an extra dinner every time he killed a snake.

A short time after I got Tatters the young people of our neighborhood organized a nutting party. Jessie Williams and I were invited. We took a couple of fiddlers along intending to have a dance in the clearing. The clearing was a place in the Big Wood where political meetings and other gatherings were held, and consequently the ground was beaten as smooth as a floor.

We gathered our nuts and had lunch, all in due season, and then separated in groups for a walk. Jessie is my cousin, and therefore we were left alone. We had walked a very considerable distance from the clearing when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! see that lovely persimmon." It was indeed a beautiful one, and hung just where I could get it by climbing into the lower branches of the tree.

I was a strong young fellow, and, anxious to show my strength and agility, I sprang forward. "Oh! never mind," said Jessie; but I was already pulling myself into the branches. Jessie sat down on a stump to watch me with evident pride. I was just picking the fruit when I heard a scream, and on looking down saw a large rattle-snake slowly crawling towards her. For an instant I was frozen with horror,

but recovering myself I swung out on a branch and dropped. At the sound the snake instantly coiled and made ready to strike. I saw with intense agony that Jessie was doomed. I could never reach the snake in time to save her. "O my God, help me!" I murmured. Suddenly there was a yellow flash before my eyes, something caught the snake from behind, shook it snappishly once or twice, and—Tatters came in for his usual reward.

Books and Magazines.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY. By Paul C. Freer. Ann Arbor. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

This is a notable book by one of the ablest and best known teachers of the science in the United States. The most distinctive feature of the work is the attempt to rationalize the study of elementary chemistry by a more emphatic insistence upon its principles. To this end, the experiments are quantitative in character wherever possible, and the work does not extend beyond the fundamental laws. The book will be an excellent one in the hands of the student preparing for a course in science; but for the majority of students of elementary chemistry in the high school, as well as many in the college, who will never go farther in the science, it is doubtful if a book broader in range and more descriptive in character would not be more interesting and profitable. Prof. Freer writes clearly and concisely, and the book in respect both to typography and style is a model. A complete course of experiments, suitable for the laboratory student is appended.

ALGEBRA FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. By William Freeland. A. B. Longmans, Green & Co. New York.

This excellent little work, by an author who evidently has had much experience in the class room, is designed to prepare students for the entrance college examination in Algebra to the Freshman class. Professor Freeland gives in this text-book a complete treatment of the principles of Algebra as far as Permutations and Combinations, including the Progressions, Binomial Theorem and Logarithms. The admirable arrangement and presentation of the subject-matter, the clearness and accuracy of the definitions and principles, the numerous exercises and examples judiciously chosen, and the attractive style of the work throughout, are a few of the many estimable features that

especially commend the book to teachers of elementary Algebra. The subject of Factoring, always a source of difficulty to the beginner, is here so fully developed, and so many exercises given, that the student, on completing the course, cannot fail to have a thorough knowledge of this division of Algebra. The answers to the problems are omitted, thus teaching the student the commendable practice of verifying his work, and at the same time inculcating the habit of self-reliance. The chapters on Radicals and Quadratics are deserving of careful consideration, as the method adopted for developing the principles and effecting solutions are most praiseworthy. The type and printing are of the best quality, and the binding is of the usual high order of this well-known firm. The work is deserving of first place in its class.

THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICS;
Three Vols. Vol. I., Kinematics; Vol. II., Statics; Vol. III., Kinetics. A. Jay Du Bois, C. E., Ph.D. John Wiley & Sons. New York.

The name of Professor Du Bois has long been known to the engineering profession. His many works on engineering subjects testify to his eminent ability as a mathematician, as an original investigator, and as a writer of great scholarly attainments. His recent work, "Principles of Mechanics," is designed as a text-book for engineering students while at the University, and at the same time will serve as a valuable reference work in the office. So complete is the treatment of the subject-matter considered, and so thorough are the discussions of the principles stated, that the student completing the work will be well qualified to read any of the special treatises on engineering subjects, and to enter intelligently upon the duties of his profession. The work is divided into three volumes, thus making it more convenient for reference and use, and at the same time insuring a more substantial binding than could be obtained by presenting all in one volume. The arrangement is such that the student, if he chooses, can take an abridged course, covering the general principles of Mechanics. After such preparation and drill, he will be well qualified to enter upon the more advanced part, designed to meet the requirements of the professional engineer. Numerous examples and exercises are given throughout the work, selected especially to illustrate the principles and to make known their practical applications. The value of these exercises alone is inestimable; diagrams, helpful to the student, frequently occur. A very important feature, and one well deserving

favorable mention, is the complete index, given at the close of each volume.

The subject of Kinematics is treated in Vol. I. The introductory chapter defines clearly and concisely the terms used in the science; then follow the chapters on "General Principles of Kinematics." All the topics pertaining to this subject are here considered with the thoroughness the importance of the subject demands. Then are considered, even more fully, "Kinematics of a Point" and "Kinematics of a Rigid System." The chapters on Harmonic and Planetary Motions, "Constrained Motion of a Point," and "Rigid Rotating System," are deserving the highest commendation for the clear, concise and interesting way in which the author develops and explains these propositions. A great number of examples is given, the book closing with a complete index. Statics is the subject treated in the second volume. The greater portion of the work is devoted to the discussion of principles especially applicable to engineering problems. Here within a small compass are given the principles of Graphical Statics, the principles of Mechanics applicable to Earthwork, Retaining Walls, Dams, Theory of Flexure, Strength and Elasticity of materials, etc. Many exercises and examples are proposed, designed to illustrate fully the various subjects considered, the solution of which will be of incalculable benefit to the student. The reader will find discussed in this volume, within the scope of about two hundred pages, more that is of the greatest practical value to the professional man than can usually be found in works covering a wider range. It is not to be inferred from this, however, that the work is incomplete or not thorough. The clear, concise, direct and accurate methods adopted by the author render it possible to embody much within the limit of a few pages. The same remarks apply even more emphatically to the third volume, which deals with the subject of Kinetics.

If Professor Du Bois had written no other work, this alone would insure for him the grateful thanks of the engineering profession, and would be a grand monument to his memory. The work is deserving of first place among text-books on Mechanics, a position it is certain to occupy. The mechanical features of the work are of the highest order; the printing is excellent; the paper of the best quality, and the binding secure and substantial. "The Elementary Principles of Mechanics" is a book that should be upon the shelves of every student in engineering.

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JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

--Doctor Zahm's new book, "Evolution and Dogma." is now in the hands of the binders. It will be published simultaneously in England and America, late in February. It is by far the most important work he has yet done, and it will, without doubt, be looked upon as the most daring. In spite of the dictum of the critics, our learned Professor of Physics is a conservative and, though we have not seen the proofs of his forthcoming book, it is safe to say that he has not changed his methods, and that "Evolution and Dogma" will be as calmly critical as was "Bible Science and Faith." He is no special pleader; he is a scientist and a student; and we may expect evolution to be treated with impartiality and honesty. He has taken a new theme and made it his own, and thinking minds will welcome his latest volume.

--The men who framed the new constitution of the Athletic Association had something of the wisdom of the serpent about them. Hall-spirit has been the bane of sport at Notre Dame for many years; in '95 it culminated in the most disastrous "split" of all, and the spring season was anything but successful. By the election of

an Executive Committee of two men from each Hall, the constitution makes another quarrel between Sorin and Brownson an impossibility. The creation of the office of Promoter was the wisest stroke of all. It solves the problem of a potential dead-lock in the Committee by providing for it a chairman who can always be depended upon for cool and impartial decision. A member of the Faculty cannot but be above prejudice, and we are sure, now, of harmony in our councils. We had sore need of this new constitution; and now that our athletes have a working basis, we may look for new honors for the Gold and Blue.

—THE SCHOLASTIC congratulates the Stock Company. Wednesday evening's performance was a thing of beauty—the Company itself, we trust, will be the "joy forever." The plays were well chosen; in both, good taste and the literary touch were manifest in every line. "The Rising of the Moon"—a drama, by the way, which was written for the students of Notre Dame, and which has never been presented on any stage other than our own—was full of color and strong situations; while "The Hair Apparent" was absurdly funny—the ideal quality, it seems, in farces. As for the actors, they seemingly forgot the conventional tricks of the elocutionist, and realized that the expression of emotion is not a matter of formulas and illustrative diagrams; and their reading of the lines was a happy surprise. They were natural and artistic; there was no straining after effect; and, on the whole, the two plays were admirably staged.

The Stock Company has proved its right to existence, and the members of the troupe have the cordial support of both Faculty and students. It has raised the standard of dramatic art at Notre Dame, has given a modern flavor to our theatricals, and has doomed the ultra-picturesque heavy villain to perpetual banishment. It has another task—a duty rather,—before it, the development of a student play-wright. There are a half-dozen men at the University who have the dramatic instinct, a decent insight into the manners and motives of their fellows, and ability to say clever things. One-act dramas would not be beyond their powers, and a play written and acted by students would be distinctly a novelty in Western theatricals. The approval of the Stock Company would be enough to give life to the project; we commend it to their consideration.

The University Stock Company.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Medley Overture—"Around the Metropolis".....*Beyer*
University Orchestra.

"THE RISING OF THE MOON."

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT. (Maurice Francis Egan.)

Captain Tom, of Crawford's Tigers.....J. Mott
Captain Edward Arden, U. S. A.....E. Murphy
Ted, a drummer boy in Crawford's Tigers, G. McCarrick
Sentinel, of Crawford's Tigers.....E. Brennan
Soldiers, U. S. A.....M. Bryan, A. Wilson

PART II.

Selections from "Rob Roy,".....*Weigand*
University Orchestra.

"THE HAIR APPARENT."

A FARCE IN ONE ACT. (Sydney Rosenfeld.)

Mr. Brown, a Banker.....A. Stace
Mr. Reginald Oaks, an excitable young man, W. Barton
Mr. Simon Bangs, with a terrible secret.....E. Murphy
Mr. John Anderson, Brown's clerk.....A. Fagan
Jacob, Mr. Brown's servant.....C. Bryan
Finale—Galop, "Preparation,".....*Ed. Christie*
University Orchestra.

Judging from the large audience that assembled in Washington Hall on last Wednesday afternoon at the performance of the University Stock Company, the reputation attained by the organization last year has in no way diminished with the coming of '96. If the SCHOLASTIC were anything else but encouraging in its remarks of the Company's latest effort, it would be far from voicing public opinion; for the verdict is unanimous that a more creditable performance than that given last Wednesday is seldom seen before the local foot-lights. Praise of college theatricals is often given in a very perfunctory manner; but those who have observed the untiring and disinterested way in which the Stock Company has labored as a unit to make every achievement a success, know well that any words said in their favor cannot be other than sincere.

The success of the Company is due, in no small measure, to the efforts of Father Moloney. Mr. John Mott and Mr. Francis Barton have displayed decidedly good taste in the management of the Company's affairs; and we are pleased to note that in the selection of dramas they continue to keep aloof from the down-trodden prince and supercilious villain, continually annoying himself and his audience with a concealed dagger. They have wisely chosen pieces in which art can be displayed with less labor and much better propriety, and it is to be hoped that others will take their precedent as one that will meet with hearty approval. "The Rising of the Moon," by Maurice Francis Egan, which comprised the first part of the program, is a drama in one act, simple in plot, but

abounding in art, and exceedingly difficult of rendition. It was very creditably produced, and some of the parts were brought out in a striking manner. It is difficult to say who appeared to the best advantage, for everyone acted with earnestness and feeling. The Stock Company is composed of the best talent in the University, and consequently most of its members are already well known to local audiences.

Mr. Mott, as Captain Tom of Crawford's Tigers, was the most lifelike of the cast. He made of the part all that it was worth, and this is saying a great deal; for Captain Tom was a character that could easily have been over-drawn by a mere elocutionist, but Mr. Mott can act as well as speak. As Captain Edwin Arden, Mr. Murphy won much favor, and he rendered in an excellent manner the most difficult character of the play.

Ted, the drummer boy, was admirably played by Mr. George McCarrick, while Mr. Edward E. Brennan was an ideal sentinel, and succeeded in making the very most of his part. Messrs. Bryan and Wilson were also seen to great advantage.

The second part of the programme consisted of a farce—"The Hair Apparent," by Sydney Rosenfeld. It is hardly necessary to mention the manner in which it was put on. The Stock Company is admirable in tragedy, but its comedians are far in the majority, as was evinced Wednesday. The fact that the Company would give a farce was received with pleasure by everyone, and "The Hair Apparent" surpassed all its predecessors. It is full of comic situations. Bangs—with a terrible secret—believes that his red hair is a cause of much prejudice against him, and in applying to Banker Brown for a situation, he wears a black wig. In taking off his hat the wig comes with it, and he meets Mr. Brown and afterwards Mr. Oaks. The latter, an excitable young man, believes that Bangs has sneaked into the house to meet Sophia with whom Oaks is desperately in love; and when he tells Bangs that he "knows his secret," the latter takes it to mean the secret of the wig. The suspense and agony on both sides is something terrible until, much to the discomfort of Bangs, the secret of the wig is disclosed, and the groundless jealousy of Oaks shown to the ridicule of all.

Mr. Brown, the Banker, was executed in a masterly manner by Mr. Arthur W. Stace. His dignified manner was charming, and being a "bloated bond holder," the rise and fall of

stocks held more interest for him than did the jealous love of Oaks. All this Mr. Stace brought out to the fullest extent.

Mr. Barton, as Oaks, was suspiciously true to nature. The nervous way in which he received any information of the suspected admirers of his Sophia was ludicrous in the extreme. Were we not certain that Mr. Barton is not ordinarily a very excitable young man, and that his room faces in an opposite direction from St. Mary's, we would be tempted to believe that he had been rehearsing his part in real life for the past six months. We will not make an investigation, but will attribute all his proficiency to art alone.

As Simon Bangs, Mr. Elmer Murphy was at his best. His extreme discomfort at the thought that his terrible secret might be known kept the audience in a continual uproar. Mr. Murphy made the hit of the evening, and he deserves it.

Mr. Fagan played the part of Brown's Clerk to perfection, and Mr. Bryan, as Brown's "man," was irresistible. Mr. Fagan, as well as Mr. Bryan, was in his initial performance before a Notre Dame audience; but one appearance was enough to show that they will be equal to many more occasions. The music was more than ordinarily beautiful. The airs from De Koven's "Rob Roy" were admirably rendered, and if there were any Scots in the audience, they must have felt that, after all, "tartan's" the only wear.

Father Kirsch's Lecture.

The Thursday afternoon lectures are becoming popular, and justly so. The interest shown in the Dante lecture last week was repeated last Thursday. Father Kirsch's talk was a good condensation of what the student should know about Physiology. The views which illustrated the lecture were clear, and made things much more evident to the audience than a mere discourse could have done. The speaker's manner was lively, and to those who have never heard him except on the pulpit, he was very agreeable and interesting. Of course, such a subject as the Reverend lecturer treated might have been interesting for hours; but a pretty clear idea of the different parts of the human body and the various functions they perform was given in a very limited space of time. Not only to the younger members of the audience, but to others also, there was much instruction in the lecture.

The applause which greeted the other and lighter views is ample evidence of their appreciation, while the silence and attention with which

the earlier and more serious part of the lecture was received proved its worth. We hope that many more lectures may be given in Washington Hall equal in interest to those we have already heard, for they not only give instruction, but are also—and this is a thing to be considered—highly entertaining.

Exchanges.

In the last number of the *Queen's University Journal*, the students mourn the death of the editor. From all accounts he was a young man of noble, winning disposition, who by his talents and force of character had gained great influence over his companions, which he used for their good. The memorial articles in prose and verse give an idea of the esteem in which he was held, and are an expression of genuine sorrow at his passing. Besides the pain that the removal of a college companion naturally causes, there is also a consolation. Such an occasion manifests that there is in our colleges a spirit of union and humanity; a spirit that appreciates what is worthy, and is not ashamed openly to express it. It is pleasing to know that force of personality is felt as much on account of firm adherence to student duty and to religion and morality as on account of what are usually reckoned social qualities; that proficiency in athletics, joined to a wild, unyielding character, is not always a passport to leadership.

The *Journal* contains studies on Rembrandt, Ruskin and Victor Hugo. Of Rembrandt there is scarcely anything more than a summary of the history of his life and pictures. The article on Ruskin is a plea for the grand old man of Coniston; but a little more consistency and consecutiveness in thought would have added to its merits. If we sweep away a mist of words and reduce the ideas to unison and order, we learn that Ruskin's fate is that of the prophet in his own country, and that he himself, to a certain extent, is accountable for the fact. The message he bears is lost for the multitude by his exaggeration, eccentricity and wilfulness. The multitude is shocked, and derives no good from him except what is contained in his literary style. In no uncompromising spirit he has set himself against the tendencies of the age—a spirit which rouses in turn an opposition that blinds men to merit. The few, however, who know how to understand him feel in Ruskin, below the superficial defects that annoy the vulgar, a power which has a deep and far-

reaching effect on the age. This power is especially felt in the change in architecture and painting to the beautiful and natural that exists in all departments to-day; and in the recognition of the truth; that greed and selfishness, on the one hand, and opposition to wise counsels about the inequality of men on the other, are not the best positions to assume in the region of ethics and economics.

Ruskin's message is essentially the message of righteousness. His writings on art are mainly directed to show the intimate connection between the ethic and æsthetic, and his writings on political economy are simply an application of Christianity to industrial life. The exaggeration and eccentricity which mark his ideas and which seriously impair his influence among the unimagined can be traced to his fondness of humor and paradox. The tone of dogmatism and authority with which his message is conveyed, and which offends the intellect of these enlightened times, is owing to the inspiration that rests upon the man. The prophet is a man of thought, rather than a man of reasoning, and is more apt to resent opposition than to remove obstacles by patient argument. We will not stop here to consider the correctness of these views, and will only say that they are offered in such a loose and disjointed manner as to destroy the impression they were intended to convey.

"Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo is ably considered in a clear and well-written article. The story embodies Hugo's favorite theme—that all existent evils arise from incorrect conception of the relationship existing between man and man. Man is to be perfected by love, in the pursuit of which all our energies and opportunities must be directed. This wide theme gives Hugo an opportunity to show wherein principally lies his strength. Everything that affects the progress of the case is treated with minuteness and comprehensiveness of detail. With great skill he lays bare, and traces to its source, every constituent that makes up the whole. To this skill in analyzing motives and describing character must be added a wonderful power of picturing dramatic and sensational situations. In these he is aided by a rich and flexible vocabulary and an intense imagination. But the source of his strength is also the source of his weakness. This fondness for minuteness leads him into digressions that impair the unity of his story and gives occasion to his love of display—a fundamental weakness of his character.

Personals.

—Dr. Morris, of Wheeling, W. Va., visited his son William of Carroll Hall, during the week.

—W. S. McDonnell (Com'l) holds a trusty position in the People's Savings Bank, of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. McDonnell is a constant reader of the SCHOLASTIC, and his love and interest for the home of his college days never grows cold.

—Dr. Dinnen, one of the most prominent physicians of Fort Wayne, spent Monday and Tuesday visiting his son, of Carroll Hall, and his many friends among the Faculty and students of the University. The Doctor is a genial, whole-souled gentleman, and his visits are all too short and infrequent.

—Joseph Ford (student '85-'87), of Augusta, Montana, has undertaken to build a church for the Indians at that place. Mr. Ford is himself a descendant of the original possessors of America, and his efforts in behalf of his tribesmen are laudable in the highest degree. We hope he will meet with success in his undertaking.

—It is our sad duty to announce the death of Dennis A. Harrington (LL. B., '82.), who died at his home in Boston, Mass., on Thursday, January 23. The deceased was taken away in his young manhood, and his death is a severe blow to his sorrowing relatives and friends. The SCHOLASTIC extends its sincere condolence to the afflicted family.

—On Tuesday, January 21, at Goliad, Texas, D. Charles Regan deserted the ranks of the lonely bachelors, and was joined in marriage to Miss Dade Linney, one of the fairest daughters of the Lone Star State. Charlie has a host of friends among the boys of the eighties, and the SCHOLASTIC joins with them in wishing him and his beautiful bride many years of wedded happiness.

—Among our welcome visitors of the past week were two from the "sunny land of Spain"—Signor Julio de Ggartua and wife, of Bilbao. Signor de Ggartua is a prominent lawyer of Bilbao, while his wife, Signora Isabel Villota de Ggartua, is prominent in the social circles of that city. They were visiting Signora de Ggartua's brother, Joseph San Roman, of Brownson Hall.

—It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of Leo A. McKernans, who peacefully passed away on Thursday, January 16, at his home in Denver, Colorado, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church. Mr. McKernans, while a student at the University, won a host of friends by his gentlemanly and manly qualities. All his old schoolmates will be pained to hear of his early death which came in the prime of life. The SCHOLASTIC extends to the bereaved family its sincerest sympathy in their deep sorrow. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—The Carroll's had an enjoyable walk on the 25th.

—All the "old boys" but three have returned to Brownson Hall and there are sixteen new faces.

—There are three candidates for Varsity football honors for '96 in Carroll Hall this year. Willie will have to work to beat them.

—Messrs Spillard, J. Naughton and Stearns, of Carroll Hall, will compete on field-day in the five-mile bicycle race. Success to them!

—Give us some more of the Stock Company's productions; we are not half-satisfied as to quantity. The quality is beyond cavil.

—With the pump out of the way and the walk widened several feet, Brownson Hall will have a good bicycle track and a hand-ball court second to none.

—The boy in the back seat said: "Why is D—y at the board like a fort on a mud bank?" "Don't know." "Because he's stuck." And the next one tore the following day's lesson out of his book.

—The pleasant weather of the past few days has put new life into the Carrollites, and what was probably the first earliest game played at Notre Dame was seen on Carroll campus last Thursday.

—If the Carrolls had a little more energy they could have a good Lacrosse club. The sticks are all they need, and sticks for boys would cost but little. Who will set the ball a-rolling? Brownson is far ahead of their little brothers in this sport.

—Nobody recognized Lucian Cassius Wheeler when he returned from Iowa after the holidays minus his moustache. Last week, however, he began the old struggle over again, and now the gentle zephyrs play hide-and-seek with the hair lip as of old.

—Some of the men of Brownson Hall visited the city of Bertrand, Mich., during the holidays and report an excellent time. Many of them who have seen the play called "The Burning of Bertrand" aver that it's a pity that it did not occur as represented on the boards.

—The gentleman from Paris said that he would like to put on the gloves with "that 'ere critter from Boston, jest fer th' fun o' th' thing." But after we had convinced him that our Summer Girl is the champion paper-weight of New England he was not so anxious to box.

—Geoghegan is now the star billiard player of Brownson Hall. Up to last week Ryan, with a record of forty-three points, was in the lead; but in a game on Monday Geoghegan made a run of forty-five points. He will not hold the record very long, though; Strauss is learning the game.

—Are there any hand-ball players in Carroll Hall? The Brownson contingent would like to meet them for a half hour any "rec" day if there be any of the Specials still alive on "t'other side." Some of the older players remember when Carroll Hall had some good representatives on the court; but alas! for the days that are gone.

—We have all heard about the absent-minded man who put his umbrella in bed and then stood on his head in the corner all night. But he was naught compared to a certain youth we know named Piquette. After prayers on Tuesday night the Doctor put on his overcoat, hat and gloves, thinking he was going down to supper. He did not discover his mistake until he had reached the dormitory.

—Messrs. G. Ryan, F. Hesse and M. R. Campbell were easily first in basket-ball honors this week. If the rules of basket-ball were known better and followed a larger number would join them. The rules distinctly forbid pushing an opponent, tackling him, holding him, or running with the ball, save a few steps to recover after getting it. In short, the men should *tackle the ball* and *not their opponents*.

—A report went round the "yard" last Wednesday that the Senior class of a certain Academy, not a thousand miles from Notre Dame, were going to occupy front seats at the play that afternoon. Every man in the "yard" wore his best bib and tucker and a look of expectation as he entered the hall, but it was all for naught. Our neighbors remained at home that afternoon.

—The Brownsonites had two extra dances in the "gym" this week besides the regular Crescent dances. On Tuesday evening, after a game of basket-ball, some one produced a mouth-organ, and there were waltzes and two-steps galore until the Royal Bell-Ringer happened along. On Wednesday evening O'Brien brought his cornet out to the "gym," and the boys had another dance, beginning with a grand march led by "Pete" Carney and our Summer Girl.

—Much indignation has been felt in Sorin Hall at the unnecessary and disgraceful cutting up of the walk to the "stile." It would seem from the manner in which the path is rutted that a Krupp gun had been drawn over it on narrow wheels. Hitherto the walk has been smooth and dry and in every way suitable to an afternoon or evening stroll, but now it is hardly fit to serve as a by-path for a herd of cattle. Will somebody stop those ice-wagons?

—The men of Brownson Hall who remained at college during the Christmas vacation were snowed under the evening they went over to play the Carrolls basket-ball. They say the result would have been different if it had not been a case of 16 to 1—the Carrolls had the 16. Neither side plays the game according to the rules, and the men showed very little science in their play. A captain and a good coach is just

what are necessary to raise the game in the estimation of players and spectators.

—The boys on Kegler's table did not eat any pie last Wednesday. The pie was on the table, and the boys had their appetites right with them, but still they did not touch it. When they read that challenge of Brother Hilarion's table in the SCHOLASTIC for a game of hand-ball, they decided to accept it. They found out to their sorrow, however, that Campbell, Wilson and Daly knew more about the game than they did, so the pie went over to Brother Hilarion's table on Wednesday.

—The University Band, assisted by the University Orchestra, will give a concert in Washington Hall on next Thursday afternoon. All remember with delight the concert of last fall. Since then, the Band has steadily increased, both in members and merit. The lovers of good music—and they are legion here—look forward with eagerness to the presentation of the programme next Thursday. The Crescent promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Lecture Course of '96.

—Some cruel youth started a report last week that on account of the large number of new students in Brownson Hall this session, some of the ex-Juniors would be sent back to Cornell's kingdom again. The face that goes with the new cap is usually covered with smiles; but when it heard this story an expression of sadness crept over it that would move one to tears. When the organizer of the joke saw the sorrowful effect of his story he relented, and assured the new cap that it was all a fairy-tale. The happy smile returned as if by magic, and now Shamus is rubbing his hands gleefully as of yore.

—It is about time that some one should look to the outrage committed almost daily at St. Joseph's Lake. For some time, men have been coming from South Bend and elsewhere and going home with strings of twelve or thirteen bass, some of which weigh as much as three or four pounds. Fishing through the ice isn't much sport, and besides we would be very much pleased to catch a few bass ourselves early in the summer. If we allow strangers to forestall us, and take it into their heads that trespassing on private property is no infringement of the law, then we may as well get permission to issue a general invitation.

—It is a pity that, having so many advantages for out-door winter sports, we at Notre Dame do not avail ourselves of them. Saint Joseph's Lake offers as fine a field for ice games as any in the neighborhood, and it is not yet too late to put it to use, for it is probable that we shall have plenty of ice before the winter passes. There is no finer game than "curling," a description of which we copy:—"Curling, a favorite Scottish game, played on the ice with large spherical stones, flattened so that their length shall be equal to twice their thickness.

They are carefully selected, so that they shall not be liable to break; have their under side polished, and vary in weight from 30 to 45 pounds. They have handles of wood or iron by which they are impelled over the ice. The path in which the stones move is called the *rink*, and may be from 30 to 50 yards long, and 8 or 9 feet in width. At each end of the rink a mark or hole is made in the ice called the *tee*. The players are divided into two parties, and each person endeavors either to leave his stone as near the tee as possible, or to remove those of the opposite party, or to guard those of his own side. When all have played, the one nearest the tee counts one, and the second, third etc., if of the same side, count each one more. The side which first scores 31 wins." In *Leslie's Weekly* of this week there is a photograph which gives a good idea of the game. If the students would come together and talk this matter over, there is reason to hope that "curling" will become a factor in our winter sports.

—Early in the week several gentlemen of Sorin Hall entered into a conspiracy against one of their comrades. Their victim was Mr. John G. Mott, '96, and the conspirators, all his intimate friends, chose Wednesday night, the anniversary of his birth, for the "deed." Invitations for a "spread" at half past six were extended, and the place of meeting was Mr. Power's room. The Local Editor was among the fortunates, and armed with his card, he presented himself at the quarters of the genial instructor of bones. A gentle tap brought forth a welcome cry of "Come in;" the door was opened, and an amazed scribe stood speechless on the threshold. The room was decorated as if for a banquet in Elysium. Garlands of evergreen and laurel intertwined with flowers almost hid the ceiling from view, while pendent from this were beautiful wreaths of holly and smilax. Large ferns were placed with artistic effect about the room, and on the tables, scattered in rich profusion, were the choicest cut flowers. Covers were laid for nine. Mr. Pat Murphy acted as caterer, and served dinner as only Pat can. He presented the following appetizing menu:

Blue Points,
Chicken Salad, Shrimp Salad,
Green Peas,
Queen Olives, Sweet Pickles,
Turkey, Cranberry Sauce,
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes,
Lettuce Dressed, Celery,
Neapolitan Ice-Cream, Assorted Cakes
Fruit, Mixed Nuts, Raisins,
Coffee, Cigars.

For three hours the guests did justice to the good things, and wit and good cheer were monarchs of the board. And when the merry party broke up with a handshake with the hero of the hour, the regret was expressed that Mr. Mott had only one birthday in a year.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ST. CECILIANS.—On Wednesday evening the third regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held. In the absence of the President the 1st Vice-President, F. Cornell, presided, and the following programme was carried out: A humorous selection, "How Ruby Played," A. Schoenbein; a declamation, "The Schoolmaster's Guests," G. Burke; an interesting reading, "The Court Didn't Calm Him," F. Cornell, and an essay "Winter," John Fennessey.

ST. JOSEPH'S LITERARY SOCIETY.—Wednesday evening last the members of St. Joseph's Literary Society met for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term. As a result the following were chosen: Director, Bro. Boniface, C. S. C.; President, J. F. Corr; Secretary, V. D. Dwyer; Treasurer, J. A. Bennett; Critic, F. P. Dreher; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. F. Bowens; Censor, W. P. Burke. A programme committee, consisting of W. Grady, G. McDaniels and G. Thurin, was then appointed, after which the meeting adjourned.

PHILODEMICS.—On Wednesday evening the Philodemics held their first regular meeting. The programme consisted in the reading of Rudyard Kipling's story, "How We Took 'Lungtungpen,'" which was well done by D. P. Murphy; Bret Harte's "The Society on the Stanislaus" and "Judge Jenkins," a parody on "Maud Müller," besides John Heard's admirable story of the Franco-Prussian war, excellently read by A. Gaukler. Mr. Pulskamp, as President of the committee on credentials, moved the admission of J. Barry into the society. Next Wednesday evening will be devoted to the consideration of the life and works of Bret Harte. It has also been decided to devote the evenings exclusively to literary work. The president has made out a list of American and English authors not yet spoken of by the society, and when this list has received the approval of the programme committee, much original, instructive work may be looked for.

COLUMBIANS.—The Columbian Literary Society's meetings are now assuming a real business-like air, and promise to be more interesting than those of last session. At last Thursday evening's meeting six voluntary items were all fairly well executed, and consisted of "A Hard-shell Sermon," by A. Sammon; a humorous story from real life, by L. Wurzer; readings by B. Moran, and J. Kelly; a declamation by W. O'Brien and a stirring oration, by A. Duperier. The constitution and by-laws of the society have been re-written and slightly changed. The debate for next meeting with speakers is as follows: "In great national struggles has one a right to be neutral?"—Affirmative, Messrs. Ducey and Barry; negative, Messrs. Finnerty and Campbell. The subject appointed for the following meeting is: "Is Lynch Law ever justifiable?"

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Barrett, Bryan, Costello, Cavanagh, Eyanson, Gaukler, Lantry, Mulberger, McNamara, Mott, Miller, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reilly, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Sanders, Steele, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Burke, Blackman, Bowlin, Berthelet, E. Campbell Chase, J. Corby, Jos. Corby, Clendenin, Cullen, Crane, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dukette, Duperier, Eyanson, Finnerty, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Frazer, Filistrault, Farrell, Goeke, Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, F. Hesse, Hoban, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Henger, J. Hesse, Konzen, Kelley, Kirwin, Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, King, Kearny, Landa, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, Mathewson, Murphy, B. Monahan, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, Mullen, Mueller, Neeley, Niezer, Nevius, Naughton, J. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Powell, Pietrzykowski, R. Putnam, J. Putnam, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Quinn, T. Ryan, J. Ryan, Rowan, Reinhart, Regan, Rauch, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tong, Taylor, Tracy, Tuhey, Thiele, Tuttle, Thiele, Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, G. Wilson, R. Wilson, Wagner, Wensinger, Wade, Kidder.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Burns, Begly, Bernardin, G. Burke, E. Burke, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Cowie, Crowder, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Donovan, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Furber, Flynn, Fox, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Hermann, Hawkins, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hanley, Hunt, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jelonek, Keeffe, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Landers, Lehman, Leach, Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Moorhead, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Massey, Monahan Morris, Monarch, Merz, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, H. McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, E. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Stearns, Smith, Stearns, Schoenbein, Scott, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, W. Scherrer, J. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Thams, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, Webb, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Zaehle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Allyn, C. Bode, F. Bode, Breslin, Bullene, Bullen, F. Brissenden, R. Brissenden, Bergeron, Blanchfield, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Coquillard, Clarke, Cressey, Casparis, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Ehrlich, Elliott, Ernest, Ellis, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Freeman, Fielding, M. Garrity, Goff, H. Giffin, K. Weidner, Giffin, Hart, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Kasper, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kopf, Lawton, Morehouse, Maher, Moxley, P. Manion, E. Marshall, Manion, McMaster, McIntyre, L. McBride, P. Weber, McBride, J. McBride, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Plunkett, Phillips, Polk, Pyle, Paul, Patee, Quinlan, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Sexton, Sontag, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Waite, Welsh, Wield.

